

Brian Wilson And Van Dyke Parks "San Francisco"

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San Francisco, San Francisco
Her lovers' arms were open wide
With a gate so golden
Waits with charms unfoldin'
Hold that cable car up there with pride
I gotta ride
Giddy-yup down to

San Francisco, San Francisco
Where love is true as time and tide
She was seventeen though when I left from Reno
Like some Valentino with his bride
There by my side

I panned gold from Cisco down to Frisco
How I'm missin' these days of yore
Eldorado
Miss those Irisky women and raw rye whiskey
With each kiss we would explore
Eldorado

For this desperado was gold in the dust
Like many a man in God do I trust
Gave up on El Dorado so lost in my lust
Where love is not for sale
Out at the end of the trail

San Francisco, San Francisco
You find a candlestick in flame
Sportin' life did change her
Short life rearrange her
Brought her misfortune and shame

Roll on down the California flyway
That's a highway I have known
Old mystery sun sets down on waters
The soul of man alone

Time to giddy-up
Doo-wah-diddy-yup

San Francisco, San Francisco

You find love is not for sale
Out at the end of the trail

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